WHAT JACK FOUND

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

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"Stop that man!"

The ne'er-do-well of the town, Jack Hazeldean, put down a side alley with half a dozen men, women and children in hot pursuit, the watchman's rattle crackling out its hideous notes of alarm. It was no unusual thing for Jack to create a commotion. The storekeepers did not move from their doorways, but looked upon the stirring spectacle as a bit of fun and frolic, all except one. This was a greengrocer into whose tub of eggs Jack had mischievously tipped a lurching inebriate.

"Hold on!" ordered a stern voice as Jack, his pursuers eluded, darted across a garden space making for the open country and security.

Jack recognized the minister of the church his uncle regularly, and he occasionally attended. He looked abashed but made a detour of the muscular outstretched hand.

"You'll end at the gallows!" the discomfited divine roared after the recalcitrant.

"I'm sorry now," confessed Jack, plunging into the woods.

"That's too late to think of, though. Uncle said it was a parting of the ways last frolic. This shuts me out, sure."

Jack had an abundance of time in which to think, for slowing down he planned out a march of over twenty-five miles. That would take him out of the county. He had no intention of going back home. He was twenty-two, long past school days, but two

"Stranger, Aren't You?"

years he had simply hung around, made a failure of everything his uncle put him at and was a sad dog generally and a sad failure.

His impetuous freaks were always getting him into trouble. He could not resist the promptings of mischief, and these were fertile in his case. Many a bill for his reckless fun his surly sordid uncle had paid for in good Canadian coin.

"I'll mend it all," resolved Jack. "I'll strike out into new fields. Sure, I have been a disgrace to uncle and no credit to the town, so me for strange faces and a fresh start in life."

Jack trudged on the long night through, reflected and sobered down. As all nature woke up with the early dawn he seemed to feel a new life stirring within him. As he passed along more of a path than a road, he became conscious of the echo of a pained grumbling voice. Peering through a hedge he saw an old man standing in the center of a little copse.

His hand was on one hip, as if to suppress some vagrant ache. His foot rested on a spade. He had apparently dug up a few shovels full of earth and his strength had failed him.

"I can't do it!" he groaned in a whining tone," I can't risk asking the crew about me to help me. What shall I do?"

Always ready and accommodating, Jack brushed past the hedge.

"Hello, old man," he hailed briskly. "What's the trouble now?"

The old man started and stared. He looked suspicious and embarrassed.

"Nothing," he replied dubiously. "Stranger, aren't you?"

"In these parts, yes," said Jack.

"You see," the selfish faced old man remarked, "I want to dig a hole to bury a pet dog of mine. Getting old, ah, me! too old to work."

"Let me help you."

So Jack went hastily at work. He dug the hole as ordered.

"What shall I pay you? inquired his companion.

"Why, nothing," replied Jack. "If you could give me work, though—"

"Eh?" retorted the other, calculatingly studying Jack. "Would you work cheap?"

"For anything to keep out of mischief, yes," declared Jack.

"All right," said the old man. "Keep down the road till you come to the first house. I live there. I'm Abel Drake. You wait till I come and I'll set you at work. I've left my dog back in the woods, but I'll attend to him myself."

"I see," nodded Jack, thinking all this passing strange, but following orders.

He came to a small starved looking farm with a wretched old house on it. As he entered its yard a girl came from its stables carrying a pail of milk. She looked askance at Jack who lifted his cap, overcome with her rare beauty.

"I'm waiting for Mr. Drake," he explained awkwardly. "He's going to hire me to work for him."

The girl half smiled as she regarded his white hands and respectable attire. Then she invited him to a seat on the porch and went about her household duties.

It seemed to Jack as though his weary walk and the absence of sleep had made him light headed, for the sweet face he had seen seemed floating all about him. He was half asleep when Abel Drake came along.

Jack was hired. It was hard work, but the labor had its compensation. The presence of Myrtle Drake, the granddaughter of the old man, lured him to stay. He felt himself bewitched by a pleasant lasting new influence.

At the end of a month Jack received his sparse wages. He calculated the value of the broken eggs and sent the amount by letter to the greengrocer. He felt the better for it, an honest act, and soul elevating he found it.

There came a letter from his uncle shortly afterwards. It read: "I have learned where you are and of your honorable act in paying for the mischief you wrought. Come home. I forgive you."

But Jack could not leave Myrtle. Then one day the old man died. He had apparently left nothing but the old farm. Myrtle sadly spoke of going to live with some relatives at a distance. Jack was uneasy, irresolute. He wandered about, thinking, to come across his uncle in the nearby town.

"I've come after you," he advised. "I want you to return home and settle down respectably. I've picked out a rich wife for you—"

"I'm looking for a poor one," interrupted Jack in his masterful way, and told about Myrtle.

Then the old man turned his back on him and told Jack never again to show his renegade face in his sight.

Jack went back to the farm, a mighty resolve working in his mind. He found Myrtle packing up to leave.

"Sit down with me," he said, "I've a story to tell you," and he told her all. Myrtle looked at him with wondering eyes.

"You will not return to your uncle—to wealth, position?" she said.

"Not I," answered Jack sturdily.

"If I had my way, I would stay here forever," said Jack. "But that cannot be without you. And you, who have taught me how to be a man—would you think of marrying a ne'er-do-well?"

"No longer that," she said plainly. "If you love me, Jack, I would feel it an honor to be your wife."

And later came love's reward, for one day passing the spot where he had first met old Abel Drake, Jack took a fancy to investigate the covered-up hole.

And in it, within a leather bound box he found the fortune the old man had buried, and had then feared to tell his favorite relative, Myrtle, where he had secreted it.

CRUELTY IN ANIMAL WORLD

That Sick and Ailing Are Invariably Put to Death by Their Comrades Is Well Known.

Many pretty tales are told in children's story books regarding the kindness of animals to each other, but probably most of these are nothing more than the products of the imagination, for there is very little kindness shown in the animal world when one of their number is sick.

Wild birds and animals give no quarter to a weak or sickly comrade. This fact probably accounts for the mystery of never seeing a dead wild bird or animal, for immediately one falls sick it is done to death, and buried, no one knows where.

The weakling dragging after a herd or flock is quickly put out of its misery, not for humane reasons, but for fear of the latter being revealed to a common foe.

Nor are tame animals and birds less guilty in this respect. Healthy birds in an aviary will bully an ailing bird shamefully. A sickly hen in a poultry yard has a miserable time, and even cats which have been brought up together will "round on" one of their number if it falls sick.

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given to account for this deplorable characteristic in birds and animals. It has been suggested that they are governed by that apparently cruel law, "the survival of the fittest."

More likely is it that instinct guides them in this respect, for the good of the race, so that sickly young may not be reared from sickly parents or maybe, a limited food supply renders the removal of the useless desirable.

Better Excuse Than Some Lawyers.

On the first day of enrollment at the University of Kansas a freshman happened to get the wrong blank. He wanted to enroll in the college and filled out a blank for the law school. After waiting in line for four hours he finally reached his adviser.

"Do you want to take a course in law?" asked the professor.

"I should say not. I want straight college."

"Well, then; you'll have to fill out a new blank and start down the line again."

The unsophisticated one looked down the long string of waiters and then tactfully replied: "Make her out for the law school. I'm gonna get outa here."

Slightly Mixed.

Here is a schoolroom story, told us by a Michigan health supervisor: "We were raising funds for paying for operations for removal of the adenoids and tonsils. The school children were much interested and canvassed the town selling stamps. At one home where a little boy called to sell stamps the lady asked: 'What are you going to do with the money?' The little boy quickly replied: 'It is to buy adenoids for little children that haven't got none.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

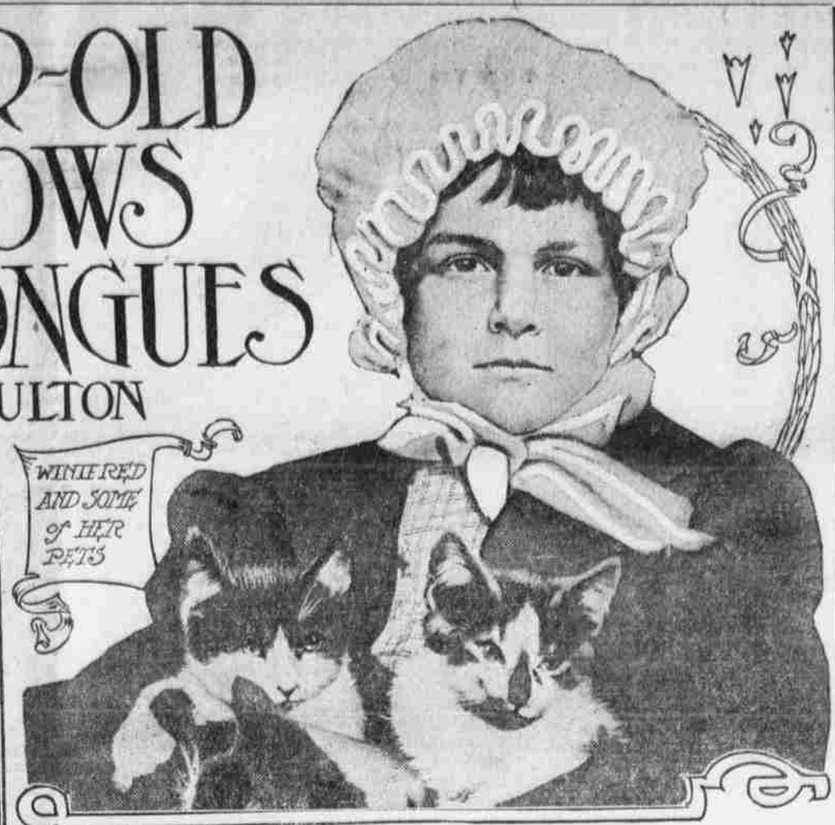
Record Swims.

Capt. Alfred Browne, commodore of the Flushing Bay division of the American Life-Saving society, swam from the battery to Sandy Hook, 22 miles, in 13 hours and 38 minutes. This was done on August 28, 1913. On September 14 Samuel Richards of Boston swam the same distance in 8 hours and 12 minutes. Many previous attempts had been made, but proved to be failures on account of the strength of the tides.—New York Times

TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL KNOWS EIGHT TONGUES

By ROBERT A. MOULTON

SHE IS A CLEVER DANCER



RIDING HER BURRO

MRS. STONER AND WINIFRED

SO AMAZING have been the intellectual achievements of Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., a ten-year-old Pittsburgh girl, that investigators persuaded her mother and chief teacher, Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner, to write the whole story of the child's education in a book.

This unusual little girl is already prepared for college, in addition to studying astronomy and some other branches. She speaks eight languages; she can recite a thousand poems and she has written nearly five hundred poems and jingles herself.

Winifred plays the piano well. With no lessons, except the game of "making up stories on the piano," she can read over a page of Schubert's "Serenade," close the book and play it accurately and with much expression. She can also hear a difficult selection played and so keen is her concentration she can immediately sit down at the piano and play it. Winifred draws well and paints admirably. Like Browning, one would imagine she will hardly know which to choose for her life work, music, art or writing, but she is very decided as to what she expects to do. Winifred is going to earn and buy and be the editor of a great children's magazine.

In tracing Winifred's development chronologically it may be said that she:

Used polysyllables in conversation at the age of one year; read at the age of sixteen months; wrote her own name on hotel registers and began keeping a diary at the age of two; learned the musical notes and played simple airs on the piano and amazed adepts at spelling at three; learned the Latin declensions and conjugations as singing exercises and received a diploma in Esperanto at four; wrote stories and jingles for the newspapers, spoke eight languages, translated Mother Goose rhymes into Esperanto, learned the waltz, two-step and three-step at five; learned the outlines of Greek, Roman and Scandinavian mythologies at seven; composed a poem naming and locating all the bones in the human body at eight; and was elected president of the Junior Peace League of America at ten.

How can readers account for the fact that Winifred is a perfectly normal, happy child, romping, singing, loving and lovable, gay as the canary she is giving the freedom of the entire house and teaching to whistle and to keep perfect time to all the music that she whistles? Winifred has a hundred dolls. As fast as she learns anything she imparts it to her dolls and pets. She is ardently devoted to sports. She swims, races, plays ball, dances and physically she is as well as she is mentally. Her little muscles are strong as armor bolts. She is as large as an ordinary twelve-year-old girl and can walk five miles without the least fatigue.

Winifred's father is a colonel and a surgeon in the Marine hospital service of the United States. Now he is stationed at Pittsburgh. From him Winifred undoubtedly gets her splendid physical care, and she is a perfectly well child. She is practical, like her father, and possesses all her mother's love of art and music and the gift of writing.

No less remarkable is the little girl's mother. Mrs. Stoner in her book, "Natural Education," seems to find nothing in little Winifred's development that might not be attained in any healthy, naturally bright child. If this is conceded for the sake of argument, it would have to be admitted that very, very few children would have the advantages of the extraordinary cleverness of a born teacher, such as Winifred's. In fact, Mrs. Stoner has employed methods peculiarly her own.

It might be said that Mrs. Stoner has given ten years of constant labor to the education of her daughter, labor that was not merely constant, but that was intelligent and imaginative as well. For the whole secret of Winifred's learning has been the play spirit. Whatever she was taught, it came to her not as toil but as play. She lived in a land of fairies and giants and gnomes.

In explaining her system, Mrs. Stoner starts out with the assumption that every child is born with a distinctive tendency or talent and that this will always bear fruit, if discovered and cultivated in babyhood. It is the mother's part to discover this in infancy and to try to develop it just as much as to keep its body clean and see that it has the proper food. The mother's obligation begins before birth and imposes upon her the duty of keeping herself so healthy and serene, both mentally and physically, that the baby will not have to start out with handicaps on its very first day.

Not being able to sing, Mrs. Stoner chanted the lines from Virgil's Aeneid to put the baby to sleep and taught the child's negro nurse to do the same. She declares that the meter is very soothing and that she has seen many another child yield to the somnolent influence of "Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris."

When Winifred was six weeks old her mother began reciting selections from the English poets. The baby's favorites seemed to be Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and Macaulay's "Horatius at the Bridge." By the time Winifred was a year old she could repeat "Crossing the Bar" and scan the first ten lines of the Aeneid. The mother invented a game in which she would roll a ball to the baby and say "Arma." Winifred would roll it back and say "Virumque," and in this way the Latin words and meter were fixed in the baby's memory.

From the very beginning the mother would carry her baby about the house, point out chairs, tables, etc., and pronounce their names carefully. She found it was just as easy to teach the baby to say "train" as to say "choo-choo car," and just as easy to teach her to say "dog" as to say "doggie." She surrounded the baby with colored pictures. To teach her colors Mrs. Stoner would take a box of variously tinted yarns. She would play she was "Mother Red," and baby would be "Mother Green," and they would look into the yarn for their children, those of green tints, of course, being the babies of "Mother Green."

Winifred's first toy was a red balloon, which was tied to her wrist where she could admire it. Each day thereafter for several weeks there would be a balloon of different color and shape, until the child speedily came to know whether a balloon was light, round, red, green and would go up and come down. She was never permitted to hear anything but the best English, although the mother was not finicky about vigorous, expressive slang.

As soon as the child had learned to speak English reasonably well her mother began teaching her Spanish. By the time she was five she had learned to express herself in eight languages. Mrs. Stoner declares, however, if she had it to do over again she would teach Esperanto first.

Throughout all this preliminary instruction, Winifred was encouraged to take all the outdoor exercise possible, and soon was the peer of the boys of her age in the neighborhood at wrestling, or throwing or catching a ball.

From that time, Winifred's life became a prolonged play of the game of "Let's Pretend." Sometimes she and her mother would "be somebody" and often each would be herself and an alter ego. That is, Mrs. Stoner would play one minute that she was herself and the next minute that she was her dear friend Nellie and Winifred would alternate between being herself and her dear friend Lucy. In this way they often could get up rather a sizeable party when about to make some new exploration into the realm of knowledge.

Perhaps nothing is more illuminative in Mrs. Stoner's book than her account of how she taught the child mathematics. Winifred had failed to get any sort of grasp on the subject, she says, until the mother was in despair, fearing the child's mind might be lopsided. At a chautauqua meeting in New York, however, the mother met Prof. A. R. Hornbrook, a woman mathematics teacher, who soon put her on the right track.

Professor Hornbrook explained that Mrs. Stoner had been successful in teaching music, art, poetry, history and languages because she herself loved those studies and had failed to teach mathematics because she had not brought the "fairy interest" into it. She volunteered to send weekly outlines of work, which Mrs. Stoner was to employ according to her own ideas.

Mother and child then began playing games with small objects, such as beans and buttons. These objects would be placed in a box and they would take turns drawing them out, to see which could get the most at a single grab. When helping the maid shell peas they would try to see how many peas there were in two or more pods. In this way rudimentary lessons in addition were taught.

To make greater progress they played parchesi with small dice and got practice from adding up the spots. First they used two dice, but finally they used five and Winifred was soon able to add all the spots without conscious effort. They played all sorts of games which would require simple addition and multiplication. In learning subtraction, they would have battles with tin soldiers and marbles, and whenever a "cannon shot" would topple over a given number of soldiers, Winifred was able to decide how many were left standing without stopping to count.

Cancellation became a battle, one of them playing the numbers on one side of the dividing line and the other playing the other. There never were any quizzes, because Winifred was taught to get results and was not taught rules. She learned the values of money by the actual use of coins and the values of market products by going to market herself. To learn pharmacist's weights and measures, Winifred played at keeping drug store and sold things to her mother. And so it went through the whole subject, until at last the girl became fascinated with the funny doings of Mr. X and got interested in algebra.

Winifred never suffered the humiliation of physical punishment. When she did well, the good Fairy Titania would hide goodies under her pillow and when she was bad the fairy failed to appear. If she was ten minutes tardy about some task, that meant ten minutes lost which had to be taken out of her next recreation time. She soon learned that offenses could bring about their own unpleasant consequences, while good behavior meant tangible reward. She was never permitted to stay at a single task when the point of fatigue had arrived.

A striking instance of Mrs. Stoner's methods, as well as an illustration of the child's intellectual bias, is the story of Winifred and the bumblebee. In her zeal to study the insect at first hand, she picked one up. The natural consequences followed. While she was yet suffering, Winifred described her experience in these lines:

One day I saw a bumblebee, bumbling on a rose,
And as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose.
My nose in pain it swelled so large it looked like a potato,
So daddy said; but mother thought 'twas more like a tomato.
And now, dear children, this advice I hope you'll take from me,
And when you see a bumblebee just let that bumble be.

Like her mother, Winifred believes in woman suffrage. She has written several poems in behalf of equal franchise rights, which have been published in various newspapers and magazines. Her "Valentines for Suffragettes" are decidedly clever and have helped the cause.

STRATEGY AT DINNER TABLE

Brilliant Piece of Headwork Procured Steak Portion of Pie for Hungry Brothers.

"War," said Major Jansen, "war is like the steak and potatoe pie."

"The steak and potato pie?" murmured a mystified lady.

"War," said Major Jansen, "goes on for awhile all in one party's favor; then comes a stroke of brilliant strategy, and the tables are turned. Thus, I repeat, war resembles the steak and potato pie which furnished the Sunday dinner of two brother boarders in Tioga.

"The two brothers, Tom and Sam, boarded with a mean-minded couple who made their steak and potato pie with all the steak on one side and the potatoes all on the other. This couple sat, of course, on the steak side of the table; the brothers sat on the potato side; and so it came about that every Sunday the hosts got all the meat, while the guests got the potatoes only.

"At last Tom said to Sam one Sunday morning:

"'Look here, Sam, no matter what I say to you at dinner today, don't take offense, will you?'

"'No, Tom, of course not.'

"Well, dinner time came; the pie, steaming hot, was set as usual on the table; the wily host and hostess took their places on the steak side, and the hungry boarders fell as usual into chairs opposite the potatoes.

"But, then, just as the boarding mistress was about to thrust carving knife and fork into the crisp crust, Tom struck the table a thundering blow with his fist, glared ferociously at Sam, and roared:

"'Look-a-here, Sam, if ever you dare speak to me as you done this mornin' while I was talkin' to a young lady, I'll screw your neck round, by crinus, the same as I'm screwin' round this blasted pie.'"

In the past ten years the Carnegie Hero Fund commission has made awards to 54 women for heroism.

Home Town Helps

IN A GIRDLE OF GARDENS

Beautiful German City of Frankfort Compels the Admiration of All Visitors.

Can the new world learn from the mistakes of the old? It is a question one is constantly asking, says the Chicago Examiner. A thousand years and more ago, when the houses began to spring up beneath the shelter of a castle, and these for further protection were girded by walls, it was not possible to foresee the modern city with its teeming millions.

We are free. We are free to deliberate, to choose, to plan for long generations ahead. We are under obligations to plan for posterity. Opportunity confers obligation.

It is interesting to contrast one of the oldest cities in Europe with one of the newest; Frankfort, in Germany, with Letchworth, in England.

The medieval Frankfort grew up on the foundation of an old Roman settlement. In the twelfth century it demanded for itself more space and ramparts were erected. Streets today run the course of those ramparts. In one of them it may be mentioned in passing, Goethe was born.

In the fourteenth century Frankfort had to be enlarged again—its walls built round a wider circumference. In the nineteenth century its walls were broken down. The land on which fortifications had stood became public gardens; or, if sold to individuals, carried with it the stipulation that on a given area only one building should be erected, leaving the remainder for garden.

This is the explanation of the belt of public and private gardens by which Frankfort is surrounded, the pride of her citizens, the surprise and delight of all visitors.

URGES CITY TREE PLANTING

Professor Francis Finds Room for 10,500 on Upper East Side at New York.

Prof. H. R. Francis of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse university, who has been making a detailed survey of the streets in Manhattan for the Tree Planting association of New York city, has just completed the survey of the streets east of Fifth avenue between Eighty-sixth and Fortieth.

In this area there are nearly sixty miles of streets, 40 miles of which are capable of sustaining tree growth. At present there are only 541 trees, while it is possible to have 10,500. In certain sections trees are really needed, where there are thousands of children who have no place to play other than in the streets. Other cities, such as Buffalo, Newark and New Haven, are successful where conditions for growth are as adverse as those found in this part of Manhattan. New York city could have trees if sufficient appropriations were made.

Professor Francis finds that the few trees which have been planted the past two or three years are dying either from dry soil conditions or from the attack of insect pests.—New York Times.

Keep the Streets Clean.

Carefulness on the part of everybody is necessary to keep the streets clean. A careless boy, throwing scraps of papers in the highway, can make a tidy city block look untidy in thirty seconds. But it is not alone children on whom the responsibility rests. Many a grown person has the reprehensible habit of casting into the streets all sorts of unwanted articles—pieces of old newspapers, cigarette boxes, candy bags, banana skins and the like. Such thoughtless persons should be forced to a sharp realization of their offensive practice. The city suffers seriously from their aggregate carelessness.

Five Stitches in His Heart.

With five stitches in his heart, M. Nigo walked into the office of District Attorney R. B. Goodcell, and announced that he wished to swear out a complaint against a fellow countryman, B. Nakao, who, on July 13, stabbed him in the heart during a quarrel at East Highlands. Nakao was captured at Ontario, and has been held in jail since, pending the outcome of Nigo's injuries. The surgeon sewed up the wound in his heart, and today the Japanese seems as much with the living as ever.—San Bernadino (Cal.) dispatch Los Angeles Times.

Rapid Fire Movies.

The cinematograph is speeding up. Photographs at the rate of a hundred thousand a second is its latest triumph. This extreme rapidity was necessary for recording the trajectory of a pistol ball and showing in detail how it penetrated a thin board. At the instant of firing an electric coil giving sparks at the rate of a hundred thousand per second is set going and the views of the flight are taken on a ribbon film. Since this film is mounted on a wheel making 900 revolutions per second, the individual images are different and can be projected as slowly as desired for the analysis of the motion.—New York Independent.

His Gifted Son.

"I don't know what I'm ever going to make of that son of mine," said a prominent citizen of the city of good will the other day. The P. C., it may be said, is a self-made man, graduate of the university of hard knocks, etc. And it naturally grieves him that his son is not aggressive.

"Maybe your son hasn't found himself yet," we consoled. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted? I should say he is. That's the trouble. He hasn't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."